

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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## THE ENGRAVING.

THE view near Berthier, on the river St. Lawrence, cannot be recommended to the lovers of the beauties of nature with the imposing flourish of trumpets which sometimes precedes the announcement of even less splendid delineations. The spot is hallowed by no recollections of a classic nature, such as dignify the humblest objects—houses, trees, or hills, which have accidentally become witnesses to some great and memorable deed. The river pursues its majestic course among its parent hills, with no charms to interest the fancy, but those which nature casts around her greatest works: the view, however, may be considered characteristic of many points in that important river.

## BLACK WORK.

A certain colonel, old, and poor, and lame,  
And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,  
Had advertised for a man servant,  
And was employed in writing when there came  
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,  
Who scorn'd to be a dusty shoe and bootman,  
And therefore ask'd, as he drew near,  
"Pray sir, who does the black work here?"—  
"That, sir, I do myself," the colonel said,  
And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head!

WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.—This princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage. Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him. When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable: she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. "If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudi-

ger blinded him to the rational remonstrances of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting: they refused to advance; in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no sign of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.

CONSIDERATION.—A couple of young people living near the Potomac, having some notion to try a matrimonial life, the young man being diffident and slow in conversation about the matter, the lady grew impatient, and to bring the business to a close, demanded an explicit avowal on the part of her lover, in the following terms; "Frank, if you intend to marry me I wish to know it, so that I may make preparation." A long pause ensued—at length Frank broke silence, and exclaimed, "No meat, no corn, and fishing time almost over! Good Lord, Nelly, I can't."

BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.—We notice from the English papers, that the lady of John Masters, Esq. formerly Miss Chaworth, Byron's earliest love, lost her life in the attack by the mob at Colwick Hall, the seat of her husband, which was set on fire in two places, and the furniture destroyed. It is mournful to reflect how many connected with the history of the noble bard, have died tragical deaths—his "Page," immortalised in his tale of Lara, Lady Caroline Lamb, Shelly, and his "first love!" The beautiful sentiments of Mrs. Hemans on the grave of Korner, naturally occur on such an occasion, to those who believe and hope in a future.

Have they not met ere now? So let those trust,  
Who meet for moments, but to part for years;  
And weep, watch, pray, to keep back dust from  
dust,  
And love, where love is but a fount of tears!

STANCH VOTARIES OF HYMEN.—Lately was married at Nantwich, Abraham Colley, a veteran of 70, to Catherine Jenkins, a blooming widow of 75: This was the fourth attendance of the bridegroom at the hymeneal altar, and he had been a widower only four weeks. At the early age of 17, he married his first wife, who shortly after 'sickened, drooped and died;' and in his 19th year, he married again. His second wife lived but six weeks, and he placed his affections upon his third, a casual spectator during the funeral obsequies. He was her third husband, and he is third husband to his present wife.

## SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for October.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

## MOTHER AND SON.

To return, however, to her son. Things went on as might be supposed from the situation in which we left him—worse and worse. Poor Beauchamp's life might justly be said to be a perpetual frenzy—passed in alternate paroxysms of remorse, despair, rage, fear, and all the other baneful passions that can tear and distract the human soul. He had become stupified, and could not fully comprehend the enormous ruin which he had precipitated upon himself—crushed at once “mind, body, and estate.” His motion seemed actuated by a species of diabolical influence. He saw the nest of hornets which he had lit upon, yet would not forsake the spot? Alas, Beauchamp was not the first who has felt the fatal *fascination* of play, the utter obliviousness of consequences which it induces! The demons who fluttered about him, no longer thought of masking themselves, but stood boldly in all their naked hideousness before him. For weeks together he had one continual run of bad luck, yet still he lived and gambled on from week to week, from day to day, from hour to hour, in the delusive hope of recovering himself. His heart was paralyzed—its feelings all smothered beneath the perpetual pressure of a gamester's anxieties. It is not, therefore, difficult for the reader to conceive the ease with which he dismissed the less and less frequently intruding images—the pale, reproachful faces—of his mother and cousin!

Sir Edward Streighton, the most consummate tactician, sure, that ever breathed, had won thousands from Beauchamp, without affording him a tangible opportunity of breaking with him. On the contrary, the more Beauchamp became involved—the deeper he sunk in the whirlpool of destruction—the closer he clung to Sir Edward; as if clinging to the devil, in hell, would save one from its fires! The wily baronet had contrived to make himself, in a manner, indispensable to Beauchamp. It was Sir Edward, who taught him the quickest way of turning lands into cash; Sir Edward, who familiarized him with the correctest principles of betting and handling the dice; Sir Edward, who put him in the way of evading and defying his minor creditors; Sir Edward, who feasted and feted him out of his bitter ennui and thoughts of ———shire; Sir Edward, who lent him hundreds at a moment's warning, and gave him the longest credit!

Is it really conceivable that Beauchamp could not see through the plausible scoundrel? enquires perhaps a reader. No, he did not—till the plot began to develop itself in the latter acts of the tragedy! And even when he did, he still went on—and on—and on—trusting that in time he should outwit the subtle devil. Though he was a little shocked at finding himself so easily capable of such a thing, he resolved at last, in the forlorn hope of retrieving his circumstances, to meet *fraud with fraud*. A delusion not uncommon among the desperate victims of gambling, in the notion that they have suddenly hit on some trick by which they must infallibly win. This is the *ignis fatuus* which often lights them to the fatal verge. Such a crotchet had latterly been flitting through the fancy of Beauchamp; and one night—or rather morning—after revolving the scheme over and over again in his racked brain, he started out of bed, struck a light, seized a pack of cards, and shivering with cold—for it was winter—sat calculating and manœuvring with them till he had satisfied himself of the accuracy of his plan; when he threw them down, blew out his candle, and leaped into bed again, in a fit of guilty ecstasy. The more he turned the project in his mind, the more and more feasible did it appear. He resolved to intrust no one breathing with his secret. Confident of success, and that with but little effort, he had it in his power to break

the bank, whenever, and as often as he pleased—he determined to put his plan into execution in a day or two, on a large scale; stake every penny he could possibly scrape together, and win triumphantly. He instantly set about procuring the requisite funds. His attorney—a gambler himself, whom he had latterly picked up, at the instance of Hillier, as “a monstrously convenient fellow,” soon began to cash his I. O. U.'s to the amount of £5000, on discovering that he had still available property in ———shire, which he learnt at a confidential interview with the solicitor in Furnival's Inn, who was negotiating the loan of £22,000 from Lady Gripe. He returned to make the hazardous experiment on the evening of the day on which he received the £5000 from his attorney. On the morning of that day he was, further, to hear from his steward in the country, respecting the mortgage of his last best property.

That was a memorable—a terrible day to Beauchamp. It began with doubt—suspense—disappointment; for, after awaiting the call of the postman, shaking with agitation, he caught a glimpse of his red jacket, *passing* by his door—on the other side of the street. Almost frantic, he threw up the window, and called out to him—but the man had “none to-day.” Beauchamp threw himself on his sofa, in agony unutterable. It was the first time that old Pritchard had ever neglected to return an answer by return of post, when never so slightly requested. A thousand fears assailed him. Had his letter miscarried? Was Pritchard ill, dying—or dead? Had he been frightened into a disclosure to Mrs. Beauchamp? And did his MOTHER, at length—did ELLEN—know of his dreadful doings? The thought was too frightful to dwell upon! Thoroughly unnerved, he flew to brandy—fiery fiend, lighting up in the brain the flames of madness! He scarce knew how to rest during the interval between breakfast and dinner;—for at seven o'clock, he, together with the rest of the infernal crew, were to dine with Apsley. There was to be a strong muster; for one of the *decoys* had entrapped a wealthy simpleton, who was to make his “first appearance” that evening. After walking for an hour, to and fro, he set out to call upon me. He was at my house by twelve o'clock. During his stay in town, I had frequently received him in quality of a patient, for trifling fits of indisposition, and low spirits. I had looked upon him merely as a fashionable young fellow, who was “upon town,” doing his best to earn a little notoriety, such as was sought after by most young men of *spirit*—and fortune!—I also had been able to gather from what he let fall at several interviews, that the uneven spirits he enjoyed, were owing to his gambling propensities: that his excitement or depression alternated with the good or ill luck he had at play. I felt interest in him; for there was about him an air of ingeniousness and straight forwardness, which captivated every one who spoke with him. His manners had all the ease and blandness of the finished gentleman; and when I last saw him, which was about two months before, he appeared in good health and cheerful spirits—a very fine, if not strictly handsome man. But *now* when he stood before me, wasted in person, and haggard in feature—full of irritability and petulance—I could scarce believe him the same man!—I was going to ask him some question or other, when he interrupted me, by extending towards me his two hands, which shook almost like those of a man in the palsy, exclaiming—“This—this, Doctor, is what I have come about. Can you cure THIS—by six o'clock to day?” There was a wildness in his manner, which led me to suspect that his intellect was disordered. He hurried on before I had time to get in a word—“If you cannot steady my nerves for a few hours, I am——.” He suddenly paused, and with some confusion repeated his question. The extravagant impetuosity of his gestures, and his whole demeanor, alarmed me.

“Mr. Beauchamp,” said I, seriously, “it is now two months since you honored me with a visit; and your appearance since then is wofully changed.



Permit me, as a respectable friend, to ask whether —?" He rose abruptly from his seat, and in a tone bordering on insult, replied, "Dr. —, I came, not to gratify curiosity, but to receive your advice on the state of my health. If you are not disposed to afford it me, I am intruding."

"You mistake me, Mr. Beauchamp," I replied, calmly, "motives, and all. I do not wish to pry into your affairs. I desired only to ascertain whether or not your mind was at ease." While I was speaking, he seemed boiling over with suppressed irritability; and when I had done, he took his hat and stick, flung a guinea on my desk, and before I could recover from the astonishment his extraordinary behaviour occasioned me, strode out of the room.

How he contrived to pass the day he never knew; but about five o'clock he retired to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner. His agitation had reached such a height, that after several ineffectual attempts to shave himself, he was compelled to send for some one to perform that operation for him. When the duties of the dressing-room were completed, he returned to his sitting-room, took from his escrutoire the doomed bank notes for £5000, and placed them in his pocket book. A dense film floated before his eyes, when he attempted to look over the respective amounts of the bills to see that all was correct. He then seized a pack of cards, and tried over and over again to test the accuracy of his calculations. He laid them aside, when he had satisfied himself—locked his door, opened his desk, and took out pen and paper. He then with his penknife pricked the point of one of his fingers, filled his pen with the blood issuing from it, and wrote in letters of blood a solemn oath, that if he were but successful that evening in "winning back his own," he would forsake cards and dice for ever, and never again be found within the precincts of a gaming house to the latest hour of his life. I have seen that singular and affecting document. The letters, especially those forming the signature, are more like the tremulous handwriting of a man of eighty, than of one but twenty-one! Perceiving that he was late, he hurriedly affixed a black seal to his signature—once more ran his eye over the doomed £5000, and sallied out to dinner.

When he reached Mr. Apsley's, he found all the company assembled, apparently in high spirits, and all eager for dinner. You would not have thought of the black hearts that beat beneath such gay and pleasing exteriors as were collected round Apsley's table! Not a syllable of allusion was made during dinner time to the subject which filled every one's thoughts—play. As if by mutual consent, that seemed the only interdicted topic; but as soon as dinner and desert, both of them first rate, were over, a perfectly-understood pause took place; and Beauchamp, who, with the aid of frequent draughts of champagne, had worked himself up to the proper pitch, was the first to propose, with eagerness, the fatal adjournment to the gaming table. Every one rose in an instant from his seat, as if by appointed signal, and in less than five minutes time they were all, with closed doors, seated around the tables.

"Here piles of cards, and there the damned dice."

They opened with hazard. Beauchamp was the first who threw, and he lost; but as the stake was comparatively trifling, he neither was, nor appeared to be annoyed. He was saving himself for Rouge et Noir!—The rest of the company proceeded with the game, and got gradually into deeper play, till at length heavy betting was begun. Beauchamp who declined joining them, sat watching with peculiar feelings, of mingled sympathy and contempt, the poor fellow whom the gang was "pigeoning." How painfully it reminded him of his own initiation! A throng of bitter recollections crowded irresistibly through his mind, as he sat for a while with leisure for contemplation. The silence that was maintained was broken only by the rattling of the dice-box, and an occasional whisper when the dice were thrown.

The room in which they were sitting was furnished with splendor and elegance. The walls were entirely concealed beneath valuable pictures, in massive and tasteful frames, the gilding of which glistened with a peculiarly rich effect beneath the light of a noble or-molu lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Ample curtains of yellow-flowered satin, drawn closely together, concealed the three windows with their rich draperies; and a few Gothic fashioned bookcases, well filled, were stationed near the corners of the room, with rare specimens of Italian statuary placed upon them. The furniture was all of the most fashionable and elegant patterns; and as the trained eye of Beauchamp scanned it over, and marked the correct taste with which everything was disposed, the thought forced itself upon him—"how many have been beggared to pay for all this!" His heart fluttered. He gazed on the flushed features, the eager eyes, the agitated gestures of those who sat at the table. Directly opposite was Sir Edward Streighton, looking attentively at the easter—his fine expansive forehead bordered with slight streaks of black hair, and his large lustrous eyes glancing like lightning from the thrower to the dice, and from the dice to the betters. His features, regular, and once even handsome, bore now the deep traces of long and harrowing anxiety. "O that one," thought Beauchamp, "so capable of better things, bearing on his brow nature's signet of superiority, should have sunk into—a swindler!" While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Sir Edward suddenly looked up, and his eyes settled for an instant on Beauchamp. Their expression almost withered him! He thought he was gazing on "the dark and guilty one" who had coldly led him up to ruin's brink, and was waiting to precipitate him. His thoughts then wandered away to long banished scenes—his aged mother, his ruined, forsaken Ellen, both of whom he was begging, and breaking their hearts. A mist seemed diffused through the room, his brain reeled; his long stunned heart revived for a moment, and smote him heavily. "O that I had but an opportunity, never so slight an opportunity," he thought, "of breaking from this horrid enthrallment, at any cost!" He started from this painful reverie, and stepped to a side-table on which a large bowl of champagne-punch had just been placed, and sought solace in its intoxicating fumes. He resumed his seat at the table; and he had looked on scarcely a few minutes, before he felt a sudden, unaccountable impulse to join in at hazard. He saw Apsley placing in his pocket-book some bank notes, which he had that moment received from the poor victim before spoken of—and instantly betted with him heavily on the next throw. Apsley, somewhat surprised, but not ruffled, immediately took him; the dice were thrown—and to his own astonishment, and that of all present, Beauchamp won £300—actually, *bona fide*, won £300 from Apsley, who for once was off his guard! The loser was nettled, and could with difficulty conceal his chagrin; but he had seen, while Beauchamp was in the act of opening his pocket book, the amount of one or two of his largest bills, and his passion subsided.

At length his hour arrived. Rouge et Noir followed hazard, and Beauchamp's pulse quickened. When it came to his turn, he took out his pocket book and coolly laid down stakes which aimed at the bank. Not a word was spoken; but looks of wonder and doubt glanced darkly around the table. What was the fancied manœuvre which Beauchamp now proceeded to practise I know not, for, thank God, I am ignorant—except on hearsay—of both the principles and practice of gaming. The eagle-eye of Apsley, the *tailleur*, was on Beauchamp's every moment. He tried—he *lost half* his large stake! He pressed his hand upon his forehead—he saw that everything depended on his calmness. The voice of Apsley sounded indistinctly in his ears, calling out, "*un refait trente et un*." Beauchamp suffered his stakes to remain, and he determined by the next event. He still had confidence in his scheme; but alas, the bubble at length burst, and Beauchamp in a trice found himself minus

£3000. All hope was now over, for his trick was clearly worth nothing, and he had lost every richly opportunity of recovering himself. YET HE WENT ON—and on—and on—and on ran the losing color, till Beauchamp lost everything he had brought with him! He sat down, sunk his head upon his breast, and a ghastly hue overspread his face. He was offered unlimited credit. Apsley gave him a slip of paper with L. O. U. on it, telling him to fill it up with his name, and any sum he chose. Beauchamp threw it back, exclaiming, in an under tone, "No, swindled out of *all*."

"What did you say, sir?" enquired Apsley, rising from the table, and approaching his victim.

"Merely that I had been swindled out of all my fortune," replied Beauchamp, without rising from his seat. There was a dead silence.

"But, my good sir, don't you know that such language will never *do*?" enquired Apsley, in a cold contemptuous tone, and with a manner exquisitely irritating.

Half maddened with his losses—with despair, and fury—Beauchamp sprung out of his chair towards Apsley, and with an absolute *howl*, dashed both his fists into his face. Consternation seized every one present. Table, cards, and bank notes all were deserted, and some threw themselves round Beauchamp, others round Apsley, who, suddenly as had been the assault upon him, had so quickly thrown up his arms, that he parried the chief force of Beauchamp's blow, and received but a slight injury over his right eye.

"Pho! pho! the boy is *drunk*," he exclaimed coolly, observing his frantic assailant struggling with those who held him.

"Ruffian! swindler! liar," gasped Beauchamp. Apsley laughed aloud.

"What! dare not you strike me in return?" roared Beauchamp.

"Aye, aye, my fine fellow," replied Apsley, with imperturbable nonchalance, "but dare *you* have struck me, when you were in cool blood, and I on my guard?"

"*Struck* you, indeed, you abhorred!"

"Let us see then, what we can do in the morning, when we've slept over it," retorted Apsley, pitching his card towards him contemptuously. "But, in the meantime, we must send for constables, unless our young friend here becomes quiet. Come, Streighton; you are croupier—come, Hillier—Bruton—all of you, come—play out the stakes, or we shall forget where we were."

Poor Beauchamp seemed suddenly calmed when Apsley's card was thrown towards him, and with such cold scorn. He pressed his hands to his bursting temples, turned his despairing eyes upwards, and muttered, as if he were half-choked, "Not yet—not yet!" He paused—and the dreadful paroxysm seemed to subside. He threw one of his cards to Apsley, exclaiming hoarsely, "Where, where, and how you will, sir!"

"Why, come, now, Beau, that's right—that's like a man!" said Apsley, with more civility. "Suppose we say to-morrow morning? I have cured you of roguery to-night, and, with the blessing of God, will cure you of cowardice to-morrow. But, pardon me, your last stakes are forfeit," he added abruptly, seeing Beauchamp approach the spot where his last stake, a bill for £100 was lying, not having been taken up. He looked appealingly to the company, who decided instantly against him. Beauchamp, with the hurry and agitation consequent on his assault upon Apsley, had forgotten that he had really played away the note. "Well, sir, there remains nothing to keep me here," said Beauchamp calmly—with the calmness of despair—"except settling our morning's meeting. Name your friend, sir," he continued sternly—yet his heart was breaking within him.

"Oh—aye," replied Apsley, carelessly looking up from the cards he was shuffling and arranging. "Let me see. Hillier, will you do the needful for me? I leave everything in your hands." After vain attempts to bring about a compromise—for your true gamblers hate such affairs, not from per-

sonal fear, but the publicity they occasion to their doings—matters were finally arranged; Sir Edward Streighton undertaking for Beauchamp. The hour of meeting was half past six o'clock in the morning; and the place, a field near Knightsbridge. The unhappy Beauchamp then withdrew, after shaking Sir Edward by the hand, who promised to call at his lodgings by four o'clock—"for we shall break up by that time, I dare say," he whispered.

When the door was closed upon Beauchamp, he reeled off the steps, and staggered along the street like a drunken man. Whether or not he was deceived, he knew not; but in passing under the windows of the room where the fiendish conclave was sitting, he fancied he heard the sound of loud laughter. It was about two o'clock of a winter's morning. The snow fell fast, and the air was freezingly cold. Not a soul but himself seemed stirring. A watchman seeing his unsteady gait, crossed the street touched his hat, and asked if he should call him a coach; but he was answered with such a ghastly imprecation, that he slunk back in silence. Tongue cannot tell the distraction and misery with which Beauchamp's soul was shaken. Hell seemed to have lit its raging fires within him, he felt affrighted at being alone in the desolate, dark, deserted streets. His last six months' life seemed unrolled suddenly before him like a blighting scroll, written in letters of fire. Overcome by his emotions, his shaking knees refused their support, and he sat down on the steps of a house in Piccadilly. He told me afterwards, that he distinctly recollected feeling for some implement of destruction: and that if he had discovered his pen-knife, he should have assuredly cut his throat. After sitting on the stone for about a quarter of an hour; bareheaded—for he had removed his hat, that his burning forehead might be cooled—he made towards his lodgings. He thundered impetuously at the door, and was instantly admitted. His shivering, half asleep servant fell back before his master's affrighting countenance, and glaring bloodshot eyes.

"Lock the door, sir, and follow me to my room," said Beauchamp, in a loud voice.

"Sir—sir—sir," stammered the servant, as if he were going to ask some question.

"Silence sir!" thundered his master; and the man, laying down his candle on the stairs, went and barred the door. Beauchamp hurried up stairs, and opened the door of his sitting room. He was astonished and alarmed, to find a blaze of light in the room. Suspecting fire, he rushed into the middle of the room, and beheld—his mother and cousin bending towards him, and staring fixedly at him with the hue and expression of two marble images of horror! His mother's white hair hung dishevelled down each side of her ghastly features; and her eyes, with those of her niece, who sat beside her, clasping her aunt convulsively round the waist, seemed on the point of starting from their sockets. They moved not—they spoke not. The hideous apparition vanished in an instant from the darkening eyes of Beauchamp, for he dropped the candle he held in his hand, and fell at full length senseless on the floor.

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It was no ocular delusion—nothing spectral—but horror looking out through breathing flesh and blood, in the persons of Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece.

The resolution which Mrs. Beauchamp had formed, on an occasion which will be remembered by the reader, was to go up direct to London, and try the effect of a sudden appearance before her erring, but she hoped not irreclaimable son. Such an interview might *startle* him into a return to virtue. Attended by the faithful Pritchard, they had arrived in town that very day, put up at an hotel in the neighborhood, and, without pausing to take refreshments, hurried to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings, which they reached only two hours after he had gone out to dinner. Seeing his desk open, and a paper lying upon it, the old lady took it up, and, freezing with fright, read the oath before named,



evidently written in *blood*!! Her son then, was gone to the gaming-table in the spirit of a forlorn hope, and was that night to complete his and their ruin! Yet, what could they do? Mr. Beauchamp's valet did not know where his master was gone to dinner, nor did any one in the house or they would have sent off instantly to apprise him of their arrival. As it was, however, they were obliged to wait for it; and it may therefore be conceived in what an ecstasy of agony these two poor ladies had been sitting, without tasting wine or food, till half past two o'clock in the morning, when they heard his startling knock—his fierce voice speaking in curses to the valet, and at length beheld him rush, madman-like, into their presence, as has been described.

When the valet came up stairs from fastening the street-door, he saw the sitting room door wide open; and peeping through on his way up to bed, was confounded to see three prostrate figures on the floor—his master here, and there the two ladies locked in one another's arms, all motionless. He hurried to the bell, and pulled it till it broke, but not till it had rung such a startling peal, as woke every body in the house, who presently heard him shouting at the top of his voice, "Murder! Murder! Murder!" All the affrighted inmates were in a few seconds in the room, half-dressed, and their faces full of terror. The first simultaneous impression on the minds of the group was, that the persons lying on the floor had been *poisoned*! and under such impression was it that I and two neighboring surgeons were summoned to the scene. By the time I had arrived, Mrs. Beauchamp was reviving; but her niece had swooned away again. The first impulse of the mother, as soon as her tottering limbs could support her weight; was to crawl trembling to the insensible body of her son. Supported in the arms of two female attendants, who had not as yet been able to lift her from the floor, she leant over the prostrate form of Beauchamp, and murmured, "Oh, Henry! Henry! Love! My only love!" Her hand played slowly over his damp features, and strove to part the hair from the forehead—but it suddenly ceased to move—and on looking narrowly at her, she was found to have swooned again. Of all the sorrowful scenes it has been my fate to witness, I never encountered one of deeper distress than this. Had I known at the time the relative situations of the parties!

I directed all my attention to Mr. Beauchamp, while the other medical gentlemen busied themselves with Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece. I was not quite sure whether my patient were not in a fit of epilepsy or apoplexy, for he lay motionless, drawing his breath at long and painful intervals, with a little occasional convulsive twitching of the features. I had his coat taken off immediately, and bled him from the arm copiously; soon after which he recovered his consciousness, and allowed himself to be led to bed. He had hardly been undressed, before he fell fast asleep. His mother was bending over him in speechless agony—for ill and feeble as she was, we could not prevail on her to go to bed—and I was watching both with deep interest and curiosity, convinced that I was witnessing a glimpse of some domestic tragedy, when there was heard a violent knocking and ringing at the street door. Every one started, and with alarm inquired what that *could* be? Who could be seeking admission at four o'clock in the morning?

Sir Edward Streighton!—whose cab, with a case of duelling pistols on the seat, was standing at the door waiting to convey himself and Beauchamp to the scene of possible slaughter fixed on over night. He would take no denial from the servant; declared his business to be of the most pressing kind; and affected to disbelieve the fact of Beauchamp's illness—"It was all miserable fudge," and he was heard muttering something about "*cowardice*!" The strange pertinacity of Sir Edward brought me down stairs. He stood fuming and cursing in the hall; but started on seeing me come down with my candle in my hand, and he turned pale.

"Dr. ———!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat;

for he had once or twice seen me, and instantly recognised me, "Why, in the name of heaven, what is the matter? Is he ill? Is he dead? What?"

"Sir Edward," I replied rather coldly, "Mr. Beauchamp is in dangerous if not dying circumstances."

"*Dying* circumstances!" he echoed with an alarmed air. "Why—has he—has he attempted to commit suicide?" he stammered.

"No, but he has had a fit, and is insensible in bed. You will permit me to say, Sir Edward," I continued, a suspicion occurring to me of his design in calling, "that this untimely visit looks as if ———"

"That is my business, Doctor," he replied; haughtily, not yours. My errand is of the highest importance; and it is fitting I should be assured, on your solemn word of honor, of the *reality* of Beauchamp's illness."

"Sir Edward Streighton," said I, indignantly, "you have had my answer, which you may believe or disbelieve, as you think proper: but I will take good care that you do not ascend one of these stairs to-day."

"I understand it all!" he answered with a significant scowl, and left the house. I then hastened back to my patient, whom I now viewed with greater interest than before; for I saw that he was to have fought a duel that morning. Coupling present appearances with Mr. Beauchamp's visit to me the day before, and the known character of Sir Edward, as a professed gambler, the key to the whole, seemed to me, that there had been a gaming house quarrel.

The first sensible words that Mr. Beauchamp spoke, were to me; "Has Sir Edward Streighton called?—Is it four o'clock yet?" and he started up in his bed, staring wildly round him. Seeing himself in bed—candles about him—and *me* at his side, he exclaimed, "Why I recollect nothing of it! Am I wounded! What is become of Apsley?" He placed his hand on the arm from which he had been bled, and feeling it bandaged, "Ah!—in the arm—How strange that I have forgotten it all!—How did I get on at Hazard and Rouge et Noir?—Doctor ——— am I badly wounded?—Bone broken?"

My conjectures were now verified beyond a doubt! He dropped asleep from excessive exhaustion, while I was gazing at him. I had answered none of his questions—which were proposed in a dreamy unconnected style, indicating that his senses were disturbed. Finding that I could be of no further service at present, I left him, and betook myself to the room to which Mrs. Beauchamp had been removed, while I was conversing with Sir Edward. I found her in bed, attended by her niece, who, though still extremely languid, and looking the picture of broken heartedness, had made a great exertion to rouse herself. Mrs. Beauchamp looked dreadful ill. The nerves seemed to have received a shock from which she might be long in recovering. "Now, what is breaking these ladies' hearts?" thought I, as I looked from one agitated face to the other.

"How is my son?" inquired Mrs. Beauchamp faintly.

I told her, I thought there was no danger; and that with repose he would soon recover.

"Pray madam, allow me to ask—Has he had any sudden fright? I suspect" — Both shook their heads, and hung them down.

"Well—he is alive, thank Heaven—but a *beggar*!" said Mrs. Beauchamp. "Oh, Doctor, he hath *fallen among thieves*! They have robbed, and would have slain my son—my first-born—my only son!"

I expressed deep sympathy. I said, "I suspect, madam, that something very unfortunate has happened."

She interrupted me by asking, after a pause, if I knew nothing of his practices in London, for the last few months, as she had seen my name several times mentioned in his letters, as his medical adviser. I made no reply. I did not even hint my

suspicious that he had been a frequenter of the gaming table; but my looks startled her.

"Oh Doctor ———, for the love of God, be frank, and save a widowed mother's heart from breaking! Is there no door open for him to escape?"

Seeing they could extract little or no satisfactory explanations from me, they ceased asking, and resigned themselves to tears and sorrow. After rendering them what little service was in my power, and looking in at Mr. Beauchamp's room, where I found him still in a comfortable sleep, I took my departure, for the dull light of a winter morning was already stealing into the room, and I had been there ever since a little before four o'clock. All my way home I felt sure that my patient was one of the innumerable victims of gambling; and had involved his family in his ruin.

Mr. Beauchamp, with the aid of quiet and medicine, soon recovered sufficiently to leave his bed; but his mind was evidently ill at ease. Had I known at the time what I was afterwards apprised of, with what intense and sorrowful interest should I have regarded him!

The next week was all agony, humiliation, confessions, and forgiveness. The only one item in the black catalogue which he omitted or misrepresented, was the duel he was to have fought. He owned, after much pressing, in order to quiet his mother and cousin, that he *had* fought, and escaped unhurt. But Beauchamp in his own mind, was resolved, at all events, to give Apsley the meeting, on the very earliest opportunity. His own *honor* was at stake! His own revenge was to be sated! The first thing therefore that Beauchamp did, after he was sufficiently recovered to be left alone, was to drop a hasty line to Sir Edward Streighton, informing him that he was now ready and willing — nay, anxious — to give Apsley the meeting which he had been prevented doing, only by his sudden and severe illness. He entreated Sir Edward to continue as heretofore his *friend*, and to hasten the matter as much as possible; adding that whatever event might attend it, was a matter of utter indifference to one who was weary of life. Sir Edward, who began to wish himself out of a very disagreeable affair, returned him a prompt, polite, but not very cordial answer; the substance of which was; that Apsley, who happened to be with Sir Edward when Beauchamp's letter arrived, was perfectly ready to meet him at the place formerly appointed, at seven o'clock, on the ensuing morning. Beauchamp was somewhat shocked at the suddenness of the affair. How was he to part, overnight — possibly for ever — from his beloved, and injured as beloved, mother and cousin? Whatever might be the issue of the affair, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude must he appear to them!

Full of these bitter distracting thoughts, he locked his room-door, and proceeded to make his will. He left "everything he had remaining on earth, in any shape," to his mother, except a hundred guineas to his cousin to buy a mourning ring. That over, and some other arrangements completed, he repaired, with a heart that smote at every step, to his mother's bedside; for it was night, and the old lady, besides, scarce ever left her bed. The unusual fervor of his embraces, together with momentary fits of absence, might have challenged observation and suspicion; but they did not. He told me afterwards, that the anguish he suffered while repeating and going through the customary evening adieus to his mother and cousin, might have atoned for years of guilt!

After a nearly sleepless night, Beauchamp rose about five o'clock, and dressed himself. On quitting his room, perhaps the last time he should quit it alive, he had to pass by his mother's door. There he fell on his knees; and continued with clasped hands and closed eyes, till his smothering emotions warned him to begone. He succeeded in getting out of the house without alarming any one; and, muffled in his cloak, made his way as fast as possible to Sir Edward Streighton's. It was a miserable morning. The untrodden snow lay near-

ly a foot deep on the streets, and was yet fluttering fast down. Beauchamp found it so fatiguing to *plunther* on through the deep snow, and was so benumbed with cold, that he called a coach. He had great difficulty in rousing the driver, who, spite of the bitter inclemency of the weather, was sitting on his box, poor fellow, fast asleep, and even snoring — a complete hillock of snow, which lay nearly an inch thick upon him. How Beauchamp envied him! The very horses, too, lean and scraggy as they looked — fast asleep — how he envied them!

It was nearly six o'clock, when Beauchamp reached Sir Edward's residence. The Baronet was up, and waiting for him.

"How d'ye do, Beauchamp — how d'ye do! — How the d — are you to fight in such a fog as this?" he inquired, looking through the window, and shuddering at the cold.

"It must be managed, I suppose. Put us up as close as you like," replied Beauchamp, rather gloomily.

"I've done all in my power, my dear fellow, to settle matters amicably, but 'tis in vain, I'm afraid. You *must* exchange shots, you know! I have no doubt, however," he continued with a significant smile, "that the thing will be properly conducted. *Life is valuable Beauchamp!!* You understand me?"

"It is *not* to me — I hate Apsley as I hate hell."

"My God, Beauchamp! What a bloody humor you have risen in!" exclaimed the baronet, with an anxious smile. He paused, as if for an answer, but Beauchamp continued silent. "Ah, then, the sooner to business the better. And hark'ee, Beauchamp," said Sir Edward, briskly, "have your wits about you, for Apsley, let me tell you, is a splendid shot."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Beauchamp, smiling bitterly. He felt cold from head to foot, and even trembled; for a thousand fond thoughts gushed over him. He felt faint, and would have asked for a glass of wine or spirits; but after Sir Edward's last remark, that was out of the question. It might be misconstrued!

They were on the ground by seven o'clock. It had ceased snowing, and in its stead a small drizzling rain was falling. The fog continued so dense as to prevent their seeing each other distinctly at a few rods distance. This puzzled the parties not a little and threatened to interfere with *business*.

"Everything, by ———, is against us to-day!" exclaimed Sir Edward, placing under his arm the pistol he was loading, and buttoning his great coat up to his chin, — "this fog will hinder your seeing one another, and this ——— rain will soak through to the priming! In fact you must be put up within eight or ten feet of one another!"

"Settle all that as soon, and as you like," replied Beauchamp, walking away a few steps.

"Hallo — here! — here!" cried Sir Edward, — "Here! here we are, Hillier," seeing three figures within a few yards of them, searching about for them. Apsley had brought with him Hillier and a young surgeon.

The fog thickened rapidly as soon as they had come together, and Apsley and Beauchamp took their stands a little distance from their respective friends.

"Any chance of apology?" inquired Hillier — a keen-eyed, hawk-nosed *ci-devant militaire*.

"The devil a bit. Horridly savage!"

"Then, let us make haste," replied Hillier, with *sang froid*.

"Apsley got ——— drunk after you left this morning, and had only half an hour's sleep," continued Hillier, little suspecting that every word they were saying was over-heard by Beauchamp, who shrouded by the fog, was standing at but three or four yards distance.

"Apsley drunk? Then 'twill give Beauchamp, poor devil, a bit of a chance — and this fog —"

"How does he stand it? Cool?"

"As a cucumber. That is to say, he is *cold* — very *cold* — ha, ha. But I don't think he funks either. Told me he hated Apsley like —, and



we might put him up as we liked!—But what does your man say?"

"Oh, full of '*pooh pooh*!' and calls it a mere bagatelle."

"Do mischief?—eh?"

"Oh—he's going to try for the arm or knee, for the fellow hurt his eye the other night."

"What—in this fog? My ——!"

"Oh, true. Forgot that. What's to be done! Come its clearing off a bit."

"I say Hillier," whispered Sir Edward in a low tone—"suppose mischief should be done?"

"Suppose!—and suppose—it should'nt? You'll never get your pistol drove!—So, now!"

"Now, how far?"

"Oh, the usual distance. Step them out the baker's dozen. Give them every chance, for God favors them."

"But they won't see one another any more than the dead! 'Tis a complete farce—and the men themselves will grumble. How can they mark?"

"Why, here's a gate close by. I came past it. 'Tis white and very large. Put them in a line with it."

"Why, Beauchamp will be hit, poor devil!"

"Never mind—deserves it, d—— fool!"

The distance duly stepped out, each stationed his man.

"I shall not stand against this gate, Streighton," said Beauchamp, calmly.

The Baronet laughed, and replied "Oh you're right, my dear fellow, we'll put you, then, about three or four yards from it on one side." They were soon stationed, and pistols put into their hands. Both exclaimed loudly that they could not see their man. "So much the better. A chance shot! We shan't put you any nearer," said Sir Edward—and the principals sullenly acquiesced.

"Now, take care to shoot at one another, not at us, in this cursed fog," said Sir Edward, so as to be heard by both. "We shall move off about twenty yards to the right here. I will say one! two! three!—and then, do as you like."

"The Lord have mercy on you!" added Hillier.

"Come, quick! quick!" "Tis cursedly cold, and I must be at ——'s by ten," cried Apsley, petulantly. The two seconds and the surgeon moved off. Beauchamp could not catch even a glimpse of his antagonist—to whom he was equally invisible. "Well," thought they, "if we miss, we can fire again!" In a few moments Sir Edward's voice called out loudly—"ONE!—TWO!—THREE!"

Both pistol-fires flashed through the fog at once, and the seconds rushed up to their men.

"Beauchamp, where are you?" "Apsley, where are you?"

"Here!" replied Beauchamp; but there was no answer from Apsley. He had been shot through the head, and in groping about, terror-struck, in search of him, they stumbled over his corpse. The surgeon was in an instant on his knees beside him, with his instruments out, but in vain. It was all over with Apsley. That heartless villain was gone to his account. Beauchamp's chance shot as it was, had entered the right temple, passed through the brain, and lodged in the opposite temple. The only blood about him was a little which had trickled from the wound, down the cheek, on the shirt-collar.

"Is he killed?" groaned Beauchamp, bending over the body, and staring at it affrightedly: but before he could receive an answer from Sir Edward or Hillier, who, almost petrified, grasped each a hand of the dead body—he had swooned. The first words he heard, on recovering his senses, were—"Fly! fly! fly!" Not comprehending their import, he languidly opened his eyes, and saw people, some standing round him, and others bearing away the dead body. Again he relapsed into unconsciousness—from which he was aroused by some one grasping him rather roughly by the shoulder. His eyes glanced on the head of a constable's staff, and he heard the words—"You're in my custody, sir."

He started, and stared in the officer's face.

"There's a coach awaiting for you, sir, by the road-side, to take you to —— office."

Beauchamp offered no resistance. He whispered, merely—"Does my mother know?"

How he rode, or with whom, he knew not; but he found himself, about nine o'clock, alighting at the door of the Police Office, more dead than alive.

While Beauchamp had laid insensible on the ground, the fog had completely vanished, and Sir Edward and Hillier, finding it dangerous to remain, as passengers from the road side could distinctly see the gloomy group, made off, leaving Beauchamp and the surgeon with the corpse of Apsley. Sir Edward flew to his own house accompanied by Hillier; the latter hastily sent a note to Apsley's brother, informing him of the event; and Sir Edward dispatched his own valet confidentially to the valet of Beauchamp, communicating to him the dreadful situation of his master, and telling him to break it as he could to his friends. The valet instantly set off for the field of death, not, however, without apprising, by his terrified movements, his fellow servants that something terrible had happened. He found a few people still standing on the fatal spot, from whom he learned that his master had been conveyed a few minutes before to the —— Street Office, whither he repaired as fast as a hackney coach could carry him. When he arrived, an officer was endeavoring to rouse Mr. Beauchamp from his stupor, by forcing on him a little brandy and water, in which he partly succeeded. Pale and breathless, the valet rushed through the crowd of officers and people about the door, and flung himself at his master's feet, wringing his hands, and crying—"Oh master!—Dear master!—What have you done? You'll kill your mother!" Even the myrmidons of justice seemed affected at the poor fellow's anguish; but his unhappy master only stared at him vacantly, without speaking. When he was conducted into the presence of the magistrate, he was obliged to be supported with a chair; for he was overcome, not only by the horrible dilemma in which he was now involved, but his spirits and health were completely broken down, as well by his recent illness as the wasting anxieties and agonies he had endured for months past. The brother of Apsley was present, raving like a madman, and he pressed the case vehemently against the prisoner. Bail was offered, but refused; and Beauchamp was eventually committed to Newgate, to take trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions. Sir Edward Streighton and Hillier surrendered in the course of the day, but were liberated on their own heavy recognisance, and two sureties each in a thousand pounds, to appear and take their trial at the Old Bailey.

But what tongue can tell, what pen describe, the maddening horrors—the despair—of the mother and the betrothed bride? Not mine. Their sorrows shall be sacred for me.

——"For not to me belongs,

To sound the mighty sorrows of thy breast,  
But rather far off stand, with head and hands  
Hung down, in fearful sympathy. Thy Ark of grief  
Let me not touch, presumptuous."

To keep up, however, in some degree, the continuity of this melancholy narrative, I shall state, merely, that I, who was called in to both mother and niece a few minutes after the news had smitten them like the stroke of lightning to the earth—wondered, was even confounded—to find either of them survive it, or retain a glimpse of reason. The conduct of Ellen Beauchamp ennobled her, in my estimation, into something above humanity. She succeeded, at length, in overmastering her anguish and agitation, in order that she might minister to her afflicted aunt, in whose sorrow all consciousness or appreciation of her own seemed to have merged. For a whole week Mrs. Beauchamp hovered, so to speak, about the open door of death, held back, apparently, only by a sweet spirit of sympathy, and consolation—her niece! The first words she distinctly articulated, after many hours spent in delirious muttering, were, "I will see my son—I will see my son!" It was not judged safe to

trust her alone without medical assistance for at least a fortnight. Poor Pritchard, for several nights, slept outside her bedroom door.

The first twenty-four hours of Beauchamp's incarceration in Newgate were horrible. He who, on such slight temptation, had beggared himself, squandered away in infamy the fortunes of his fathers, who had broken the heart of his idolising mother—his betrothed wife; who had MURDERED A MAN—was now ALONE!—alone, in the sullen gloom of a prison.

The transaction above detailed, made much noise in London; and disguised as it here is, in respect of names, dates, and places, there must be many who will recollect the *true facts*. There is ONE whose heart these pages will wither while he is reading!

Most of the journals, influenced by the vindictive misrepresentations of Apsley's brother, gave a most distorted version of the affair, and, presumptuously anticipating the decrees of justice, threw a gloomy hue over the prospects of the prisoner. He would certainly be convicted of *murder*, they said, executed and dissected! The judges were, or ought to be, resolved to put down duelling, and never was there a more fitting opportunity for making a solemn example, &c. &c. One of the papers gave dark hints, that on the day of trial some extraordinary and inculpatory disclosures would be made concerning the events which led to the duel.

Mrs. Beauchamp made three attempts, during the third week of her son's imprisonment, to visit him, but, in each instance, fainted on being lifted into the carriage; and at length desisted, on my representing the danger which attended her attempts. Her niece also seemed more dead than alive when she accompanied her aunt. Pritchard, however, the faithful, attached Pritchard, often went to and fro between Newgate and the house where Mrs. Beauchamp lodged, two or three times a-day, so that they were thus enabled to keep up a constant but sorrowful correspondence. Several members of the family had hurried up to London the instant they received intelligence of the disastrous circumstances above detailed, and it was well they did. Had it not been for their affectionate interference, the most lamentable consequences might have been anticipated to mother, niece, and son. I, also, at Mrs. Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him, on each visit, sinking into deeper and deeper despondency; yet he seemed hardly sensible of the wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time when I entered his room—which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might arouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could seldom be drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with an apathy which affected me more than the most passionate lamentations.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter roses from his mother and Ellen, telling him they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom saying, "Lie you *there*, emblems of innocence, and blanch this black heart of mine, if you can!" I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I sat silent for some minutes.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he, hastily, placing his hands on his breast, "They are—I feel they are thawing my frozen feelings!—they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human* again!" He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands; I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept aloud and long.

"The light of eternal truth breaks in upon me! Oh my God, hast thou then not forgotten me?" He fell down on his knees, and continued, "Why what a wretch—what a monster have I been!" He started to his feet. "Ah, ha! I've been in the lion's den, and am plucked out of it!" I saw that his

heart was overburdened, and his head not yet cleared. I said therefore little, and let him go on by fits and starts.

"Why, I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder*!—Frightful!" He shuddered. "And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she? Her breast bleeds; but no—no—no, it is not broken!—and *Ellen*—*Ellen*—*Ellen*!"—After several short choking sobs, he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but "he would not be comforted." "Doctor, say nothing to console me! Don't, don't, or I shall go mad! Let me *feel* all my guilt; let it crush me!"

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a musing mood, as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts; to keep some object before his mind; but could not. I promised to call again, between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The excruciating anxiety endured by these unhappy ladies, Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece, as the day of trial approached—when the life or death of one in whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on—defies description. I never saw it equalled. To look on the settled pallor—the hollow haggard features—the quivering limbs of Mrs. Beauchamp—was heart-breaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as strengthening medicines, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing to *such* a "mind diseased," to "*raze*" such "a written sorrow from the brain." Ellen, too, was wasting by her side to a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was:

"Cousin Ellen! How can you, how *dare* you, write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp!"

These two lines almost broke the poor girl's heart. What was to become of her? Had she clung to her cousin through guilt and through blood, and did he now refuse to love her, or receive her proffered sympathy? She never wrote again to him, till her aunt implored, nay, commanded, her to write, for the purpose of inducing him to see them if they called. He refused. He was inflexible. Expostulation was useless. He turned out poor Pritchard, who had undertaken to plead their cause, with violence from his room. Whether he dreaded the effects of such an interview on the shattered nerves, the weakened frame, of his mother and cousin, or feared that his own fortitude would be overpowered, or debarred himself of their sweet but sorrowful society, by way of *penance*, I know not, but he returned an unwavering denial to every such application. I think the last mentioned was the motive which actuated him; for I said to him, on one occasion, "Well, but, Beauchamp, suppose your mother should *die* before you have seen her, and received her forgiveness?" He replied, sternly, "Well, I shall have *deserved* it." I could account for his feelings, without referring them to sullenness or obstinacy. His heart bled at every pore under the unceasing lashes of remorse! On another occasion, he said to me, "It would *kill* my mother to see me here. She shall never die in a prison!"

The day previous to his trial I called upon him, pursuant to my promise. The room was full of counsels and attorneys; and numerous papers were lying on the table, which a clerk was beginning to gather up in a bag when I entered. They had been holding their final consultation; and let their client more disturbed than I had seen him for some days. The eminent counsel who had been retained, spoke by no means encouragingly of the expected issue of the trial, and reiterated the determination to "do the very uttermost on his behalf." They repeated, also, that the prosecutor was following him up like a bloodhound; that he had got scent of some evidence against Beauchamp, in particular, which would *tell* terribly against him; and make out a case of "malice prepense." And, as if matters had not been already sufficiently gloomy, the attorney had learned, only that afternoon, that the case was to be



tried by one of the judges who, it was rumored, was resolved to make an example of the first duellist he could convict!"

"I shall undoubtedly be sacrificed, as my *fortune* has already," said Beauchamp, with a little trepidation. "Every thing seems against me. If I *should* be condemned to death—what is to become of my mother and Ellen?"

"I feel assured of your acquittal, Mr. Beauchamp," said I, not knowing exactly *why*, if he had asked me.

"I am little given to superstition, Doctor," he replied, "and I feel a persuasion—an innate conviction—that the grand finishing stroke has yet to descend—my misery awaits its climax."

"Why, what can you mean, my dear sir? Nothing new has been elicited."

"Doctor," he replied, gloomily—"I'll tell you something. I feel I *ought* to die!"

"Why, Mr. Beauchamp?" I enquired with surprise.

"Ought not he to die who is *at heart* a murderer?" he enquired.

"Assuredly."

"Then I am such a one. I *MEANT* to kill Apsley. I prayed to God that I might. I would have shot breast to breast, but I would have killed him, and rid the earth of such a ruffian," said Beauchamp rising, with much excitement, from his chair, and walking hurriedly to and fro. I shuddered to hear him make such an avowal, and continued silent. I felt my color changed.

"Are you shocked, Doctor?" he enquired, pausing abruptly, and looking me full in the face. "I repeat it," clenching his fist—"I would have perished eternally to gratify my revenge. So would you," he continued, "if you had suffered as I have." With the last words he elevated his voice to a high key, and his eye glanced on me like lightning, as he passed and repassed me.

"How can we expect the mercy we will not show?" I enquired mildly.

"Don't mistake me, Doctor," he resumed, without answering my last question: "It is not death I dread, disturbed as I appear, but only the *mode* of it. Death I covet, as a relief from life, which has grown hateful; but great Heaven, to be hung like a dog!"

"Think of hereafter!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! I'm past thoughts of that. Why did not God keep me from the snares into which I have fallen?"

At that moment came a letter, from Sir Edward Streighton. When he recognised the superscription, he threw it down on the table, exclaiming, "There! This is the first I have heard from this accomplished scoundrel, since the day I killed Apsley." He opened it, a scowl of fury and contempt on his brow, and read the following flippant and unfeeling letter:—

Dear Brother in the bonds of blood!

My right, trusty and well beloved counsellor, and thine—Hillier, and thy unworthy E. S. intend duly to take our stand beside thee, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, in the dock of Old Bailey, as per recognizances. Be not thou cast down, O my soul; but throw thou fear unto the dogs! There's never a jury in England will convict us, even though, as I hear, that bloody minded old — is to try us! We've got a good fellow, (on reasonable terms, considering) to swear he happened to be present, and that we put you up at forty paces! And that he heard you tender an apology to Apsley! The sweet convenient rogue!!! What think you of that, dear Beau? Yours, ever—but not on the gallows.

EDW. STREIGHTON.

P. S. I wish Apsley, by the way, poor devil! had paid me a trifling hundred or two he owed me, before going home. But he went in a hurry, 'tis true. Catch me ever putting up another man before asking him if he has any debts unprovided for!

"There, there Doctor!" exclaimed Beauchamp, flinging the letter on the floor, and stamping on it—"ought I not to go out of the world, for allowing such a fellow as this to lead me the dance of ruin?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, did you but know the secret history of the last six months," he continued, bitterly, "the surpassing folly—the black ingratitude—the villainies of all kinds with which it was stained, you would blush to sit in the same room with me! Would not it be so?"

"Come, come, Mr. Beauchamp, you are raving!" I replied, giving him my hand, while the tears half blinded me, for he looked the picture of contrition and hopelessness.

"Well! then," he continued, eyeing me steadfastly, "I may do what I have often thought of. By way of the heaviest penance I could think of—but, alas, how unavailing! I have employed the last week in writing my short, but wretched history. Read it—and curse, as you go on, my folly, my madness, my villainy! I've often laid down my pen, and wept aloud, while writing it; and yet the confession has eased my heart. One thing, I think, you will see plainly—that all along I have been the victim of some deep diabolical conspiracy. Those two vile fellows who will stand beside me to-morrow in the dock, like evil spirits—and the monster I have killed—have been the main agents throughout. I'm sure something will, ere long, come to light, and show you I am speaking the truth. Return it me," he continued, taking a packet from his table drawer, sealed with black, "in the event of my acquittal, that I may burn it; but, if I am to die, do what you will with it. Even if the world know of it, it cannot hurt me in the grave, and it may save some from *Hazard* and *Rouge et Noir*! Horrible sounds!"

I received the packet in silence, promising him to act as he wished.

"How will my mother—how will Ellen—get over to-morrow? Heaven have them in its holy keeping! My own heart quails at to-morrow!—I must breathe a polluted atmosphere; I must stand on the precise spot which has been occupied by none but the vilest of my species; I shall have every eye in court fixed upon me—some [with horror, others detestation—and some, *pity*—which is worse than either. I must stand between two that I can never look on as other than devils incarnate! My every gesture and motion—every turn of my face—will be noted down and published all over the kingdom, with severe, possibly insulting comments. Good God—how am I to bear it all?"

"Have you prepared your defence, Mr. Beauchamp?" I enquired. He pointed languidly to several sheets of foolscap, full of scourgings out, and said, with a sigh, "I'm afraid it is labor lost. I can say little or nothing. I shall not *lie* even for my life. I have yet to finish it."

"Don't, then, let me keep you from it! May God bless you, my dear sir, and send you an acquittal to-morrow! What shall I say to your mother—to Miss Beauchamp, if I see them to-night?"

His eyes glistened with tears—he trembled—he shook his head, and whispered, "what can be said to them!"

I shook him fervently by the hand. As I was quitting the door, he beckoned me back.

"Doctor," he whispered, in a shuddering tone, "there is to be an *execution* to-morrow! Five men will be hanged within ten yards of me! I shall hear them, in the night, putting up the—gallows!"

The memorable morning, for such it was, even to me, at length dawned. The whole day was rainy, cold, and foggy, as if the elements, even, had combined to depress hearts already prostrate! After swallowing a hasty breakfast, I set off for the Old Bailey, calling, for a few minutes, on Mrs. Beauchamp, as I had promised her. Poor old lady! She had not slept half an hour during the whole night; and when I entered the room, she was lying in bed, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes closed, listening to one of the church prayers, which her niece was reading her. I sat down in silence; and when the low tremulous voice of Miss Beauchamp had ceased, I shook her cold hand, and took my seat by her aunt. I pushed the curtain aside that I might see her distinctly. Her features

looked ghastly. What savage work grief had wrought there!

"I don't think I shall live through this dreadful day," said she: "I feel every thing dissolving within me! I am deadly sick every moment; my heart flutters as if it were in expiring agonies; and my limbs have little in them more than a corpse!—Ellen, too, my sweet love!—*she* is as bad---and yet she conquers it, and attends me like an angel!"

"Be of good heart, my dear madam," said I, "matters are by no means desperate. This evening --I'll stake my life for it--you shall have your son in your arms!"

"Ha!"—quivered the old lady, clapping her hands, while a faint hysteric laugh broke from her colorless lips.

"Well, I must leave you—for I am going to hear the opening of the trial: I promised your son as much last night."

"How was he?" faintly enquired Miss Beauchamp, who was sitting beside the fire, her face buried in her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees. The anguished eyes of her aunt also asked me the question, though her lips spoke not. I assured them that he was not in worse spirits than I had seen him, and that I left him preparing his defence.

"The Lord God of his fathers bless him, and deliver him!" moaned Mrs. Beauchamp. As, however, time passed, and I wished to look in on one or two patients in my way, I began to think of leaving, though I scarce knew how. I enjoined them to keep constantly by Mrs. Beauchamp a glass of brandy and water, with half a tea-spoonful of laudanum in it, that she or her niece might drink of it whenever they felt a sudden faintness come over them. For further security, I had stationed for the day, in her bed-room, a young medical friend, who might pay her constant attention. Arrangements had been made, I found, with the attorney, to report the progress of the trial every hour by four regular runners.

Shaking both the ladies affectionately by the hand, I set off. After seeing the patients I spoke of, I hurried on to the Old Bailey. It was striking ten by St. Sepulchre's clock when I reached that gloomy street. The rain was pouring down in drenching showers. I passed by the gallows, which they were taking down, and on which five men had been executed only two hours before. Horrid sight!—the whole of the street along the sessions' house was covered with straw, thoroughly soaked with wet; and my carriage wheels rolled along it noiselessly. I felt my color leaving me, and my heart beating fast, as I descended, and entered the area before the court house, which was occupied with many anxious groups conversing together, heedless of the rain, and endeavoring to get admittance into the court. The street entrance was crowded; and it was such a silent—gloomy crowd, as I never before saw! I found the trial had commenced, so I made my way instantly to the counsel's benches. The court was crowded to suffocation; and among the spectators, I recognised several of the nobility. Three prisoners stood in the dock, all of gentlemanly appearance; and the strong startled light thrown on them from the mirror over head, gave their anxious faces a ghastly hue. How vividly is that group, even at this distance of time, before my eyes! On the right hand side stood Sir Edward Streighton, dressed in military style, with a black stock, and his blue frock coat, with velvet collar, buttoned up close to his neck. Both his hands rested on his walking stick; and his head, bent a little aside, was attentively directed towards the counsel for the crown: who was stating the case to the jury. Hillier leaned against the left hand side of the dock, his arms folded over his breast, and his stern features, clouded with anxiety, but evincing no agitation, were gathered into a frown as he listened to the strong terms in which his conduct was being described by the counsel. Between these stood poor Beauchamp, with fixed and most sorrowful countenance. He was dressed in black, with a full black stock, in the centre of which

glistered a dazzling speck of diamond. Both his hands leaned upon the dock, on which stood a glass of spring water; and his face was turned full towards the judge. There was an air of melancholy composure and resignation about his wasted features; and he looked dreadfully thin and fallen away. His appearance evidently excited deep and respectful sympathy. How my heart ached to look at him, when my thoughts reverted for an instant to his mother and cousin! There was, however, one other object of the gloomy picture, which arrested my attention, and has remained with me ever since. Just beneath the witness box there was a savage face fixed upon the counsel, gloating upon his exaggerated violence of tone and manner. It was Mr. Frederick Apsley, the relentless prosecutor. I never saw such an impersonation of malignity. On his knees lay his fists, clenched, and quivering with irrepressible fury; and the glances he occasionally cast towards the prisoners were absolutely fiendish.

The counsel for the prosecution distorted and aggravated every occurrence on the fatal night of the quarrel. Hillier and Streighton, as he went on, exchanged confounded looks, and muttered between their teeth. But Beauchamp seemed unmoved; even when the counsel seriously asserted he should be in a condition to prove, that Beauchamp came to the house of the deceased with the avowed intention of provoking him into a duel; that he had been attempting foul play throughout the evening; and that the cause of inveteracy against the deceased, was the deceased's having won considerably.

"Did this quarrel originate, then, in a gaming-house?" inquired the judge sternly.

"Why—yes, my lord—it did, undoubtedly."

"Pray, are the parties *professed* gamblers?"

The counsel hesitated. "I do not exactly know what your lordship means by *professed* gamblers, my lord."

"Oh!" exclaimed the judge, significantly, "go on—go on sir."

I felt shocked at the virulence manifested by the counsel; and I could not help suspecting him of uttering the grossest falsehoods, when I saw all three of the prisoners involuntarily turn towards one another, and lift up their hands with amazement. As his address seemed likely to continue much longer, profound as was the interest I felt in the proceedings, I was compelled to leave. I stood up for that purpose, and to take a last look at Beauchamp, when his eye suddenly fell upon me. He started—his lips moved—he looked at me anxiously—gave me a hurried bow, and resumed the attentive attitude in which he had previously been standing.

I hurried away to see my patients, several of whom were in most critical circumstances. Having got through most on my list, and being in the neighborhood, I stepped in to see how Mrs. Beauchamp was going on. When I entered her bed-room, after gently tapping at the door, I heard a hurried feeble voice, exclaim, "There! there! who is that?" It was Mrs. Beauchamp, who endeavored, but in vain, to raise herself up in bed, while her eyes stared at me with an expression of wild alarm, which abated a little, on seeing who I was. She had mistaken me, I found for the hourly messenger. I sat down beside her. Several of her female relatives were in the room, a pallid group, having arrived soon after I had left.

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you, now?" I inquired, taking the aged sufferer's hand in mine.

"I may be better, Doctor, but cannot be worse. Nature tells me, the hour is come!"

"I am happy to see you so well—so affectionately attended in these trying circumstances," said I, looking around the room. She made me no reply—but moaned—"Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry! I would to God you had never been born! Why are you thus breaking the heart that always loved you so fondly?" She shook her head, and the tears trembled through her close eyelids. Miss Beauchamp, dressed in black, sat at the foot of the



bed, speechless, with her head leaning against the bed post, and her pale face directed towards her aunt.

"How are *you*, my dear Miss Beauchamp?" inquired I. She made me no answer, but continued looking at her aunt.

"My sweet love?" said her mother, drawing her chair to her, and proffering her a little wine and water, "Doctor — is speaking to you. He asks you how you are!"

Miss Beauchamp looked at me, and pressed her white hand upon her heart, without speaking. Her mother looked at me significantly, as if she begged I would not ask her daughter any more questions, for it was evident she could not bear them. I saw several slips of paper lying on a vacant chair beside the bed. They were the hourly billets from the Old Bailey.

One of them was,—"12 o'clock, O. B. Not quite so discouraging. Our counsel can't make much impression in examination. Judge seems rather turning against prisoner."

1 o'clock O. B. Nothing particular since last note. Prisoner very calm and firm.

2 o'clock, O. B. Still going on as in last.

3 o'clock, O. B. Mr. Beauchamp just read his defence. Made a favorable impression on the court. Many in tears. Acknowledged himself ruined by play. General impression, prisoner victim of conspiracy.

Such were the hourly annunciations of the progress of the trial, forwarded by the attorneys, in whose handwriting each of them was. The palsy-suspense in which the intervals between the receipt of each was passed, and the trepidation with which they were opened and read, no one daring scarce to touch them but Mr. M—, the medical attendant, cannot be described. Mr. M—, informed me that Mrs. Beauchamp had been wandering deliriously, more or less, all day, and that the slightest noise in the street, like hurrying footsteps, spread dismay through the room, and nearly drove the two principal sufferers frantic. Miss Beauchamp, I found, had been twice in terrible hysterics, but, with marvellous self-possession, calmly left the room when she felt them coming on, and retired to the farthest part of the house. While Mr. M— and I were conversing in a low whisper near the fire-place; a heavy, but muffled knock at the street door, announced the arrival of another express from the Old Bailey. Mrs. Beauchamp trembled violently, and the very bed quivered under her, as she saw the billet delivered into my hands. I opened it, and read aloud,—

4 o'clock O. B. Judge summing up. Sorry to say, a little unfavorable to prisoner. Don't think, however, prisoner will be *capitally* convicted.

Within this slip was another, which was from Beauchamp himself, and addressed,—

"Sweet loves! Courage! The crisis approaches. I am not in despair. God is merciful. May he bless you for ever and ever, my mother, my Ellen! H. B.

The gloomy tenor of the last billet—for we could not conceal them from either, as they insisted on *seeing* them after we had read them—excited Mrs. and Miss Beauchamp almost to frenzy. It was heart-rending to see them both shaking in every muscle, and uttering the most piteous moans. I resolved not to quit them till the event was known one way or another, and dismissed Mr. M—; begging him to return home with the carriage, and inform my wife that I should not dine at home. I then begged that some refreshment might be brought in, ostensibly for my dinner, but really to give me an opportunity of forcing a little nourishment on my patients. My meal, however, was scanty and solitary; for I could scarcely eat, myself, and could not induce any one else to touch food.

"This must be a day of *fasting*," sighed Mrs. Beauchamp; and I desisted from the attempt.

"Mrs. Beauchamp," inquired her sister-in-law, would you like to hear a chapter in the bible read to you?"

"Y—ye—yes!" she replied faintly, "Let it be

the parable of the *prodigal son*; and perhaps Doctor — will read it to us?"

What an affecting selection! Thinking it might serve to occupy their minds for a short time, I commenced reading it, but not very steadily or firmly. The relieving tears gushed forth freely from Mrs. Beauchamp, and every one in the room, as I went on with the most touching, beautiful, and appropriate parable. When I had concluded, and, amidst a pause of silent expectation, another billet was brought.

5 o'clock, O. B. Judge still summing up with great pains. Symptoms of leaning towards the prisoner.

Another agitating hour elapsed—how, I scarcely know; and a breathless messenger brought a sixth billet:—

6 o'clock, O. B. Jury retired to consider a verdict—been absent half an hour. Rumored in court that two hold out against the rest—not known on which side.

After the reading of this torturing note, which Mrs. Beauchamp did not ask to see, she lifted up her shaking hands to heaven, and seemed lost in the agony of prayer. After a few minutes spent in this way, she gasped, almost inaudibly,—“Oh! Doctor, read once more the parable you have read, beginning at the twentieth verse.”

I took the bible in my hands, and tremulously read,—

“And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him,” (a short, bitter, hysteric laugh broke from Mrs. Beauchamp,) “and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.”

“And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry;

“For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found; and they began” —

The death-like silence in which my trembling voice was listened to, was broken by the sound of a slight bustle in the street beneath, and the noise of some approaching vehicle. We scarcely breathed. The sound increased. Miss Beauchamp slowly dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her ashy face in the clothes. The noise outside increased; voices were heard; and at length a short faint “huzza!” was audible.

“There!—I told you so! He is free!—My son is *ACQUITTED*!” exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, sitting in an instant upright in bed, stretching her arms upon it, and clapping her hands in ecstacy. Her features were lit up with a glorious smile. She pushed back her dishevelled grey hair, and sat straining her eye and ear, and stretching forward her hands, as if to enjoin silence.

Then was heard the sound of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs; the door was knocked at, and before I could reach it for the purpose of preventing any sudden surprise, in rushed the old steward, half frantic with joy, and waving his hat over his head.

“NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY, my lady!” he gasped, all in a breath, in defiance of my cautioning movements. “He’s coming my lady!” Miss Beauchamp sunk in an instant on the floor, with a faint scream, and was carried out of the room in a swoon.

Mrs. Beauchamp again clasped her hands.—Her son rushed into the room, flung himself at her feet, and threw his arms around her. For several moments he locked her in his embraces, kissing her with convulsive fondness. “My mother! My own mother!—Your son!” he gasped; but she heard him not. She had expired in his arms.

To proceed on with my narrative, after recounting such a lamentable catastrophe, is like conducting a spectator to the death-strewn plain after the day of battle! All in the once happy family of Beauchamp, was thenceforth sorrow, sickness, and broken-heartedness, and death. As for the unhappy Beauchamp, he was released from the horrors of a prison, only to “turn his pale face to the wall,” on a lingering, languishing, bed of sickness,

which he could not quit, even to follow the poor remains of his mother to their final resting place in —shire. He was not only confined to his bed, but wholly unconscious of the time of the burial; for a fierce nervous fever kept him in a state of continual delirium. Another physician and myself were in constant attendance on him. Poor Miss Beauchamp also was ill; and, if possible in a worse plight than her cousin. The reader cannot be surprised that such long and intense suffering should have shattered her vital energies—should have sown the seeds of *consumption* in her constitution. Her pale, emaciated, shadowy figure, is now before me! After continuing under my care for several weeks, her mother carried her home into —shire, in a most precarious state, hoping the usual beneficial results expected from a return to native air. Poor girl! She gave me a little pearl ring as a keepsake, the day she went; and intrusted to me a rich diamond ring, to give to her cousin Henry: "It is too large now for my fingers," said she, with a sigh, she dropped it into my hand, from her wasted finger! "Tell him," said she, "as soon as you consider it safe, that my love is his—my whole heart! And though we may never meet on this side of the grave, let him wear it to think of me, and hope for happiness hereafter!" These were among the last words that sweet young woman ever spoke to me.

As the reader possibly may think he has been long enough detained among these sorrowful scenes, I shall draw them now to a close, and omit much of what I had set down for publication.

Mr. Beauchamp did not once rise from his bed during two months, the greater part of which time was passed in a state of stupor. At other periods he was delirious, and raved dreadfully about scenes with which the manuscript he committed to me in prison had made me long and painfully familiar. He loaded himself with the heaviest curses, for the misery he had occasioned to his mother and Ellen. He had taken it into his head that the latter was also dead, and that he had attended her funeral. He was not convinced to the contrary, till I judged it safe to allow him to open a letter she addressed to him, under cover to me. She told him she thought she was getting strong again; and that if he would still accept her heart and hand, in the event of his recovery, they were his unchangeably. Nothing contributed so much to Beauchamp's recovery as this letter. With what fond transports did he receive the ring Ellen had intrusted to my keeping.

His old steward, Pritchard, after accompanying his venerable lady's remains into the country, returned immediately to town, and scarce ever after left his master's bedside. His officious affection rendered the office of the valet a comparative sinecure. Many were the piques and heart burnings between these two zealous and emulous servants of an unfortunate master, on account of the one usurping the other's duty!

One of the earliest services that old Pritchard rendered his master, as I warranted him in so doing, was to point out who had been the "serpent in his path"—the origin—the deliberate, diabolical, designer of his ruin—in the person of his tutor! The shock of this discovery rendered Beauchamp speechless for the remainder of the day. Strange and wise are the ways of Providence! How does the reader imagine the disgraceful disclosures were brought about? Sir Edward Streighton, who had got into his hands the title-deeds of one of the estates, out of which he and his scoundrel companions had swindled Beauchamp, had been hardy enough—*quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*—to venture into a court of law, to prosecute his claim! In spite of threatened disclosures, he pressed on to trial; when such a series of flagrant iniquities was developed, unexpectedly to all parties, as compelled Sir Edward, who was in court *incognito*, to slip away, and without even venturing home, embarked for the continent, and from thence to that common sewer of England—America.

His papers were all seized under a judge's order, by Mr. Beauchamp's agents; and among them was found the letter addressed to him by Eccles, coolly commending his unsuspecting pupil to destruction!

Under Beauchamp's order, his steward made a copy of the letter, and enclosed it with the following lines, to the tutor, who had since contrived to gain a vicarage!

To the Rev. Peter Eccles, Vicar of —,

SIR, A letter, of which the following is a copy, has been discovered, in your hand-writing, among the papers of Sir Edward Streighton; and the same post which brings you this, encloses your own original letter to Sir Edward, with all necessary explanations, to the bishop of your diocese.

The monstrous perfidy it discloses, will be forthwith made as public as the journals of the day can make it.

THOMAS PRITCHARD,

Agent to Mr. Beauchamp.

What results attended the application to the bishop, and whether or not the concluding threat was carried into effect, *I have reasons for concealing*. There are, who do not need information on those points.

The first time that I saw Mr. Beauchamp down stairs, after his long, painful, and dangerous illness, was in the evening of the July following. He was sitting in his easy-chair which was drawn close to a bow-window, commanding an uninterrupted view of the setting sun. It was piteous to see how loosely his black clothes hung about him. If you touched any of his limbs, they felt like those of a skeleton, clothed with the vestments of the living. His long thin fingers seemed attenuated and blanched to a more than feminine delicacy of size and hue. His face was shrunk and fallow, and his forehead bore the searings of a "scorching woe." His hair, naturally as black as jet, was now of a sad iron grey color; and his eyes were sunk, but full of vivid, though melancholy expression. The air of noble frankness, spirit, and cheerfulness which had hitherto graced his countenance, was fled for ever.

"I hope, Doctor, you'll excuse Mr. Pritchard continuing in the room with us. He's in the midst of important business," he continued, seeing the old man preparing to leave the room: "he is my *friend* now, as well as steward; and the oldest, I may say *only*, friend I have left!" I entreated him not to mention the subject, and the faithful old steward bowed, and resumed his seat.

"Well," said Mr. Beauchamp, after answering the usual enquiries respecting his health, "I am not, after all, absolutely *ruined* in point of fortune. Pritchard has just been telling me that I have more than four hundred a-year left!"

"Sir, sir, you may as well call it a good £500 a-year," said Pritchard, eagerly taking off his spectacles. "I am but £20 a-year short of the mark, and I'll *manage that*, by hook or by crook, and you—see if I don't!" Beauchamp smiled faintly. "You see, Doctor, Pritchard is determined to put the best face upon matters."

"Well, Mr. Beauchamp," I replied, "taking it even at the lower sum mentioned, I am sincerely rejoiced to find you so comfortably provided for." While I was speaking, the tears rose in his eyes—trembled there for a few moments—and then, spite of all his attempts to prevent them overflowed.

"What distresses you?" I enquired, taking his slender fingers in mine. When he had a little recovered himself, he replied with emotion, "Am I not comparatively a beggar? Does it suit to hear that Henry Beauchamp is a *beggar*? I have nothing now but misery—hopeless misery! Where shall I go, what shall I do, to find peace? Wherever I go, I shall carry a broken heart, and a consciousness that I deserved it!—I—I, the murderer of two!"



"Two, Mr. Beauchamp! What can you mean? The voice of justice has solemnly acquitted you of murdering the miserable Apsley—and who the other is?"

"My mother! my poor, fond, doating, mother! I have killed *her*, as certainly as I slew the guilty wretch that ruined me! My ingratitude pierced her *heart*, as my bullet his *head*! That it is which distracts—which maddens me! The rest I might have borne—even the anguish I have occasioned my sweet, forgiving Ellen, and the profligate destruction of the fortunes of my house!" I saw he was in one of the frequent fits of despondency to which he was latterly subject, and thought it best not to interrupt the strain of his bitter retrospections. I therefore listened to his self-accusations in silence.

"Surely you have ground for comfort and consolation in the unalterable, the increasing attachment of your cousin," said I, after a melancholy pause.

"Ah, my God! it is that which drives the nail deeper! I cannot, cannot bear it! How shall I dare to wed her? To bring her to an impoverished house—the house of a *ruined gamester*—when she has a right to rule in the halls of my fathers? To hold out to her the arms of a *MURDERER*!" He ceased abruptly—trembled, clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in a painful reverie.

"God has, after all, intermingled some sweets in the cup of sorrow, you have drained: why cast them scornfully away, and dwell on the taste of the bitter?"

"Because my head is disordered; my appetites are corrupted. I cannot now taste happiness. I know it not; the relish is gone for ever!"

"In what part of the country do you propose residing?" I inquired.

"I can never be received in English society again—and I will not remain here in a perpetual pillory—to be pointed at! I shall quit England for ever!"

"You *sha'n't*, though!"—exclaimed the steward, bursting into tears, and rising from his chair, no longer able to control himself—"You *sha'n't* go!"—he continued, walking hurriedly to and fro, snapping his fingers. "You *sha'n't*—no, you *sha'n't* Master Beauchamp—though I say it that shouldn't! You shall trample on my old bones, first."

"Come, come, kind old man!—Give me your hand!"—exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, affected by this lively show of feeling, on the part of his old and tried servant. "Come, I won't go, then—I won't."

"Ah!—point at you—*point at you*, did you say, sir! I'll be — if I won't do for any one that points at you, what you did for that rogue Aps—"

"Hush, Pritchard!" said his master, rising from his chair, and looking shudderingly at him.

The sun was fast withdrawing, and a portion of its huge blood-red disk was already dipped beneath the horizon. Is there a more touching or awful object in nature? We who were gazing at it, felt that there was not. All before us was calmness and repose. Beauchamp's kindling eye assured me that his soul sympathized with the scene.

"Doctor—Doctor!"—he exclaimed suddenly,—"What has come to me? Is there a devil mocking me? Or is it an angel whispering that I shall yet be happy? May I listen—*may* I listen to it?" He paused. His excitement in-

creased. "O yes, yes! I feel intimately—I know I am reserved for happier days! God smileth on me, and my soul is once more warmed and enlightened!" An air of joy diffused itself over his features. I never before saw the gulf between despair and hope passed with such lightning speed!—Was it returning delirium only?

"How can he enjoy happiness who has never tasted misery?" he continued uninterrupted by me. "And may not he most relish peace, who has been longest tossed in trouble! Why—why have I been desponding? Sweet, precious Ellen! I will write to you? We shall soon meet; we shall even be happy together! Pritchard," he exclaimed, turning abruptly to the listening steward—"What say you?—Will you be my *major domo*,—eh?—Will you be with us in the country, once again?"

\* \* \* \* \*

I left him about nine o'clock, recommending him to retire to rest, and not expose himself to the cool of the evening. I felt excited, myself, by the tone of our conversation, which, I suspected, however, had on his part, verged far into occasional flightiness. I had not such sanguine hopes for him as he entertained himself. I suspected that his constitution, however it might rally for a time, from its present prostration—had received a shock before which it *must* ere-while fall.

About five o'clock the next morning, I and all my family were alarmed by one of the most violent and continued ringings and thunderings at the door I ever heard. On looking out of my bed-room window, I saw Mr. Beauchamp's valet below, wringing his hands and stamping about the steps like one distracted.

Full of fearful apprehension, I dressed myself in an instant and came down stairs.

"In the name of God, what is the matter?" I inquired, seeing him pale as ashes.

"Oh! my master!—*come—come*!"—he could get out no more. We both ran at a top speed to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings. Even at that early hour, there was an agitated group before the door. I rushed up stairs, and soon learnt all. About a quarter of an hour before, the family were disturbed by hearing Mr. Beauchamp's Newfoundland dog, which always slept at his master's bed-room door, howling, whining, and scratching against it. The valet and some one else came to see what was the matter. They found the dog trembling violently, his eyes fixed on the floor; and on looking down, they saw blood flowing from under the door. The valet threw himself half frantic against the door and burst it open; he rushed in and saw all! Poor Beauchamp, with a razor grasped in his right hand, was lying on the floor lifeless!

I never now hear of a young man—especially of fortune—frequenting the GAMING TABLE, but I think with a sigh of Henry Beauchamp.

The criminal executioner, commonly called Jack Ketch, was lately summoned to the Court of Requests, by the landlord of a public house in the Old Bailey, for a beer-score, and on being asked how he could pay it, the fellow scratched his head, and replied that *business* was very bad of late, they having sent so many of his *customers* to Botany Bay; and really he could not see how he could pay it; but if so be as how the gentleman pleased, he had no objection to work it out for *him* or any of his *family*.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Affecting Scenes, being Passages from the Diary of a late Physician. New York, J. & J. Harper.*

This volume contains *The Statesman, A Slight Cold, Rich and Poor, Grave Doings, The Ruined Merchant, Mother and Son*, to which are added by way of supplement, *The Elder's Death-bed, The Penitent Son, The Buried Alive, The Forgers, and The Snow Storm*. Several of these narratives have been republished in this paper, greatly to the gratification of its readers; they are now collected in two beautifully printed volumes, and form together, a body of reading almost unequalled in the varied interest of its contents. Many, we know, will be glad of the opportunity of possessing them in so neat and compact a style; and as very few readers have met with *all* the tales of the Diary, they have now an opportunity of obtaining the series complete, as they are for sale by most of our booksellers.

*The Cabinet of Biography, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Lardner, Vol. I. BRITISH STATESMEN; Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.*

We have read this book through without halting by the way, so deeply were we interested in the lives of the remarkable men whose biography it contains. Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's prime minister for forty years, again stand arrayed before us, in all the opposite virtues and fortunes of their remarkable lives. The biography of Lord Burleigh is one of the clearest, richest, and most instructive pieces of writing we have met with of late. His remarkable application to business during a long life of numberless vicissitudes, leading him, as all such devotion will, in the end, to the highest honors of the realm, may be held up to the youth of this country as an example above all others to be imitated; for such habits of business, united to so much virtue, will ensure riches and peace of mind to all who imitate them. The whole volume, in fact, is of the very best order of reading; for it consists of the lives of great men, narrated by the best authors of our day.

**VIEWS OF NEW YORK.**—The third number of Peabody's Views of New York has been received. It contains views of the Elysian Fields, a public garden in the vicinity of New York, of Hoboken, of the City Hotel, of Trinity and Grace Churches, and of the Merchant's Exchange. The engravings of the present number are very beautiful, being superior to those of either of the former numbers, and evincing an improvement in the work instead of a decrease of merit. We commend this work, in particular, to all our country friends. They may here, in a few numbers, obtain sufficient plates for beautiful parlor ornaments; and at a rate more reasonable than any other method. Well written descrip-

tions, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq. accompany all the engravings. This work is published at the very low price of three shillings each number, and may be had of Messrs. Carey & Hart.

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 7.

**IGNORANCE.**—In perusing our English periodicals, which we confess generally abound with useful or agreeable intelligence, we are occasionally provoked to find such woful ignorance of our own country. The following paragraph is from a late London Literary Gazette: it embodies about as much sheer ignorance as could well be condensed in the same space, and is literally as follows:—

"*Wilson the Ornithologist.* We observe, with sorrow, an account of the death and burial of poor Wilson, somewhere in the state of Philadelphia, even while the Edinburgh journals are anticipating his return laden with scientific treasures. We have now before us No. I. of his illustrations of American ornithology, on a reduced scale, to sort with Professor Jamieson's edition—a pretty and attractive publication.—The colored prints are exceedingly correct and well done."

What would an English editor say to us if we were just now to lament the recent death of Milton or Newton, somewhere in the state of London or Liverpool! Let us hear no more of ignorance in the American fraternity of editors, though the people know well enough that they are not over *learned*! or, taken as a body, particularly qualified for their assumed stations.—But let it be remembered that the making of newspapers is a hateful trade. We are forever offending some *one* while using our best endeavors to please the many. We are expected to *think* for others, and after cracking one's brain for a bright thought, along comes a fellow with a machine like an oyster knife, and takes upon himself the task of still further opening the aperture; because, forsooth, we made an allusion to him! But yesterday, a live man, in a fury, called to commit assault and battery on us because we had noticed his sudden death! On Monday, a wild man of the woods called to say we had as good send no more papers to his county—our offence was quoting a bank in Ohio as broken, by an accidental mistake of the printer!

No wonder then that people who would call Philadelphia a *state* have to occupy editorial chairs, in default of the more intelligent, who value their brains too much to have them gouged like oysters. For ourselves we have an especial kindness for a liberal public which has continued to patronise us from time to time, and we now take occasion to say, that if we are ever found killing our customers, it is no fault of ours—we never insert an obituary from manuscript, without knowing who to father it on



if untrue; our death list is made up from the daily and other prints, principally, and we must rest content, like old Father Time, with destroying such only as have no claims to mortality remaining. We must be excused however, if we occasionally record the death of some poor wight's reputation, who has absconded with our means of *living* in his pocket. When a man is morally dead, the sooner he is buried the better. We have no wish to push people of this sort into their graves, except their case be very flagrant; but when they voluntarily *lie* down in the pit of their own digging, they can hardly expect us to pull them out. We know some such—"a word to the wise."

But to reverse the picture, let us paint an editor's *pleasures*! To do this, we must take the case of one who has no pecuniary occupations, who is employed by or is the scribbling partner of a publisher with subscribers *who pay* in sufficient abundance to leave the mind free to guide the ready pen. Such a picture is not mere fancy; there are living realities such as these, though we grant that in this country they are rare. With a room which wears the livery of literature, containing all that is *new* in the way of books, with sufficient of what is *old* for reference, and surrounded by not only the best but the whole of the periodical publications, including newspapers, he seats himself after breakfast, this cold weather, beside a good coal stove, and commences the business of the day. Reading, selecting, cutting and pasting, his mind is the continual receptacle of information. He is better informed than the rest of mankind, because it is his business. His visitors all come to ask favors—the printer is respectful when he asks for his task, in hopes it will not be more than usual. Authors, politicians, players, patentees, potentates, presidents, doctors, schemers, all look up to him for favors. His chief trouble is that he cannot always puff the one who has given him his book, or gratify the others who have stated their case in hopes of temporary patronage extorted by the public press.

With the means of mental food always at his elbow—sought out by all who need a helping lift into notoriety, the popular editor in a great city is both to be envied and pitied. Envied for his means of creating friends, and pitied because his sunshine friends only make him the tool of their ambition. An editor who contributes to raise a friend into public favor, has the pleasure of reflecting on his good deeds, but when he looks for a reward in turn, he too generally finds himself forgotten. Like the poor player who struts his hour upon the stage, when displaced by age or accident from his editorial career, the public forget the pleasure they once received from his labors, and believing they have cancelled their debt to him, neglect him and turn to some new favorite. Well, it is the lot of humanity; if we can retain our present

numerous friends, we shall always take pains to please them, and rather look to the pleasures than the pains of an editor.

The opportunity of cheering the cold hearth of poverty was not lost during the late unprecedented cold weather. Instances of self-devotion in delicate females, in seeking and relieving the needy, have come to our knowledge, which are worthy of all praise. We would fain record some of these, but the kindness was of that sort which seeks not its reward in being blazoned before the public eye—its recompense was within.

It is a very true remark, that if the poor ceased to be improvident, there would be no poverty. This we cannot expect, but it is nevertheless our duty to our fellow beings to minister to actual want. We would not give a fig for the man who could sit in his warm stuffed chair, while the pitiless breeze swept without, and say when he hears of suffering, that "it is their own fault." Do unto others as ye would be done by, is a good rule; none of us know how soon misfortune may drive us to drink, drink to absolute poverty and distress. It will be poor comfort when we are perishing, to be told "it is your own fault." There are thousands of such cases, and no one can feel secure that it may not be his own lot.

But we will not preach a charity sermon—our object in the above observations will be answered if the good follow the dictates of their own hearts. There are a thousand ways in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want. How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat, and drink, and clothing! The poor, much more than the rich, need advisers and true friends, to heal their wounded spirits. After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, and to whom we may impart our confidence. It is astonishing how much an individual may do towards relieving the anguish of a broken spirit. This is emphatically the season for the social charities of our nature to exercise themselves. The opportunities are now more frequent for raising the drooping head, for encouraging the forlorn, for taking by the hand the sufferers, and exercising the best attributes of humanity.

It would probably be no news to tell our readers how cold it has been! but this much we may venture to assert—that there has not occurred more than one such severe December for forty years. Fuel has been very scarce, and but for a prompt supply from our neighboring forests, wood must have advanced to twenty-five dollars per cord. Stoves, drums, and stove-pipes, have been in most active demand. We have heard of one set of blacksmiths who worked nightly till one o'clock to supply the demand.

**HISTORY OF THE NORTHMEN.**—We have been ranging along with our countryman, WHEATON, through the dark and illimitable regions of the North; amid all its gloomy mythology—its savage wildness—its desperate adventure—its untameable freedom. We have gone with him to the primitive settlement of Iceland, a point beyond the *ultima Thule* of the ancients, and attended its adventurous navigators to the discovery of our own country prior to the dreams of Marco Polo, or the more lucid visions and consequent fruition of Columbus;—we have found the germs of European and American maritime glory in the sea-exploits of the *Vikingar*—those pirate-monarchs, who boasted of the mountain-wave as their home, and took pride in never sleeping by a cottage fire—and have traced the origin of parliaments and congresses in the yearly assemblages of the *Alle-Thing*, or general convocation of the people. Our mind has been carried back to the period when the Gothic stock carried their victorious arms—not into the soft southern regions of Italy,—but under the name of *Ostmanni*, extirpated or drove to the Arctic circle the pigmy *Cweni* or *Fenni*, the indigenous possessors of the soil, described by Tacitus as a savage race, living in squalid poverty and misery, with neither arms, nor horses, nor homes, feeding upon the grass of the fields, lying upon the bare ground, clothed with the skins of wild beasts, and placing their sole trust in arrows which for want of iron were headed with bone; whose women followed the chase as well as men, trusting their wailing infants to the scanty protection of interwoven boughs, in youth their shelter, and in age their last asylum. The benighted religion of their invaders and their grovelling ignorance, transformed by degrees these miserable creatures, against whom was waged interminable destruction, into demons, goblins and elves, the belief in which still lingers among the distant mountains and fastnesses of the frozen North.

In plunging us thus into the depths of antiquity, our author has taken care that we shall bring back with us precious pearls of history.—According to him the Scandinavian family, who be it remembered are a distinct race from the Teutonic ancestry of the Anglo-Saxons,—came originally from that hotbed of nations, the East, probably a remnant fleeing before the victorious arms of Darius Hystaspes; and the divinity of Odin, the Scandinavian father of gods and men, is resolved into the successful founding of a new colony, under circumstances more favorable to the prosperity of his people, though not more creditable than the generality of such colonisations—involving as it did the extirpation of a feebler race. The Icelandic records furnish a large amount of the information exhibited in this interesting volume. This island has possessed a literature from an early age, entirely distinct in character from the monkish compound which flourished in Europe

during the middle ages. It is distinctly the literature of the Northmen—abounding in prose histories and poetic descriptions of manners, altogether different and superior to the *romans* of the south of Europe. Our author's most authentic data commences at the period of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland, in the year 931, when the first missionary was brought thither by Thorwald, a sea-rover who had been baptised on the banks of the Elbe. The *Holmganga*, or trial by combat, the eating of horse-flesh and the exposure of infants, all of which had been tolerated by the religion of Odin, were speedily abolished by the milder influence of Christianity, even as it existed in those dark times. But it did not repress the spirit of adventure. The sea-rovers pushed their discoveries to Greenland, and southwardly along the coast to a latitude corresponding with Boston bay. This country from the circumstance of its producing grapes, they called *Vinland*. But we must stop. Those who desire to trace these extraordinary men of the north, in their progress from the earliest ages to their settlement in England at the Norman conquest, cannot fail to be gratified and instructed by a perusal of Mr. Wheaton's History.

✧ The late *call* upon our distant subscribers, Agents particularly, has been almost wholly neglected by them. Our debts due the office are important, and we cannot get on comfortably unless they are paid up.—Promptness in this particular is indispensable, especially at this inclement season.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The inclosure from J. B. Wheeling, Va. is rec'd and cr. also from P. M. Sanquoit, N. Y. The inclosure fr. N. J. jr. Monroe, N.J. is received. The cash from E. G. Colerain Forge, was rec'd. The inclosure fr J. S. Vincennes, Ind. was *four* not *three* dollars. S. R. H. Gnadenhutzen, O. is rec'd and the draft paid.

It is a misfortune to be so sensitive as M. appears. To laugh away the blues—to enjoy what is before us—to eat with an appetite and sleep like a top, is the true philosophy which we would practise and preach: only don't get drunk because you are happy. Hilarius is always in spirits—but it is the *spirits of the still*; and twice a day he is as dull as a sleepy dog.

We again caution P. P. not to be too hasty in his decision—take time to consider, and remember, Soft streams oft water fairest meadows, And the bird that flutters least, is longest on the wing.

It were useless to reiterate the complaints of E. P. O. He need never cease complaining; but the complaint is of old standing, and we fear will so continue until the millenium, a period which we have no hopes of seeing.

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